



SPAWN



Capullo
97

McFarlane

Todd McFarlane &
Image Comics presents...

HOMELAND

DEDICATED TO
Gareb Shamus



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Spawn N°66 Summary

Cog agrees to accompany Sam and Twitch back to their office to answer additional questions but vanishes from the moving '55 Chevy. Back in Rat City, Al Simmons prepares for his reunion with Wanda like an eager groom. When he discovers that his face has returned to its burned appearance, he vents rage and frustration. Cog then counsels Spawn and points out his mission on earth. Later, still stung by Al's claim on Wanda, Terry is uncooperative when Al tells him he would like to continue their plans to bring Wynn down. Meanwhile, Wanda begins to wonder about Cyan's bond to the soother-on-a-shoelace when she becomes enraged when Shanna snatches it away from her.



TODD MCFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS

www.spawn.com

FOR THE PAST HALF-DAY, THE EASTERN SEABOARD HAS BRACED ITSELF AGAINST A TORRENT OF RAINFALL. TO EVERYONE'S RELIEF, IT FINALLY APPEARS TO HAVE **SUBSIDED**. THE BLACKENED SKIES, LINGER ON, THOUGH-- THE CACOPHONOUS RUMBLING STILL ANNOUNCING THE SPORADIC LIGHTNING THAT SPIKES EARTHWARD.

OCCASIONALLY, ONE SUCH ELECTRICAL FORK, STRIKING RANDOMLY, WILL HIT A **PARTICULARLY** SENSITIVE MANMADE CONSTRUCT. INSTANTLY, A GRID PATTERN OF CITY DWELLERS IS **DEPRIVED** OF THEIR LIGHTS AND APPLIANCES.

Awh.
HERE
IT IS.

I **FOUND**
IT, SIR! LET
ME JUST MAKE
SURE THE
BATTERIES
ARE ...

...

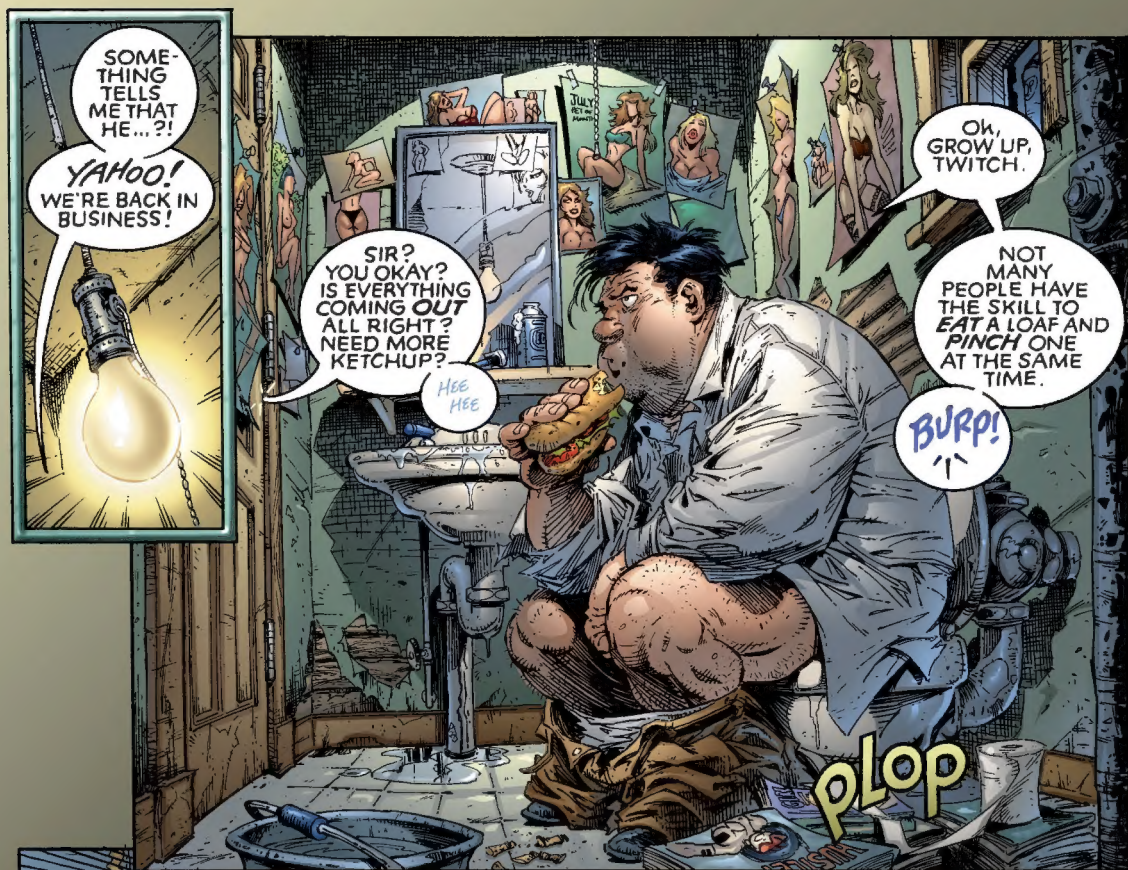
Um, SIR...?
YOU DIDN'T
PICK UP THOSE
NEW BATTERIES
LIKE I ASKED,
DID YOU?

I'VE
BEEN
BUSY.

AS HAVE
WE ALL. SO, THAT
MEANS NONE OF
THE OTHER ITEMS
ON THE LIST
WERE PROCURED
THEN, EITHER.

TOMORROW,
I'LL MAKE IT
A PRIORITY.

TONIGHT I
JUST WANT TO HUNT
DOWN THAT **COGLIOSTRO**
DUDE. ASK HIM WHY HE
PULLED THAT **DISAPPEAR-
ING ACT** ON US THE
OTHER NIGHT. *



SOME-
THING
TELLS
ME THAT
HE... ?!

YAHOO!
WE'RE BACK IN
BUSINESS!

SIR?
YOU OKAY?
IS EVERYTHING
COMING OUT
ALL RIGHT?
NEED MORE
KETCHUP?

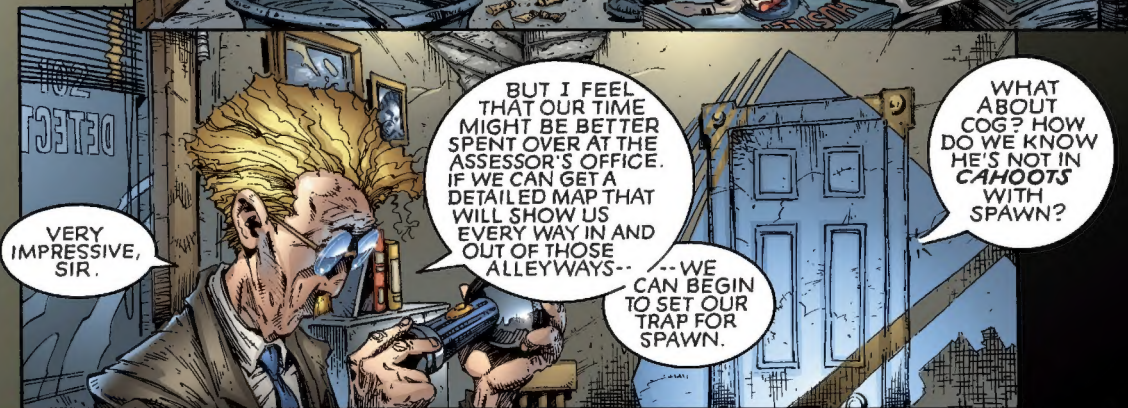
HEE
HEE

OK,
GROW UP,
TWITCH.

NOT
MANY
PEOPLE HAVE
THE SKILL TO
**EAT A LOAF AND
PINCH ONE
AT THE SAME
TIME.**

BURP!
↑

plop

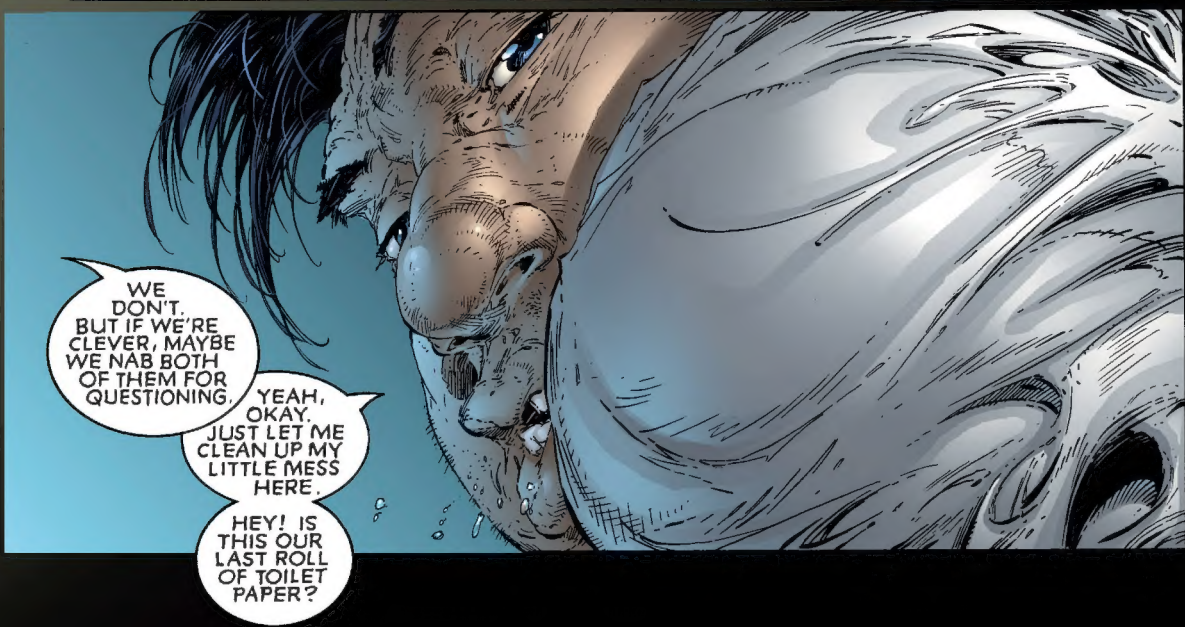


VERY
IMPRESSIVE,
SIR.

BUT I FEEL
THAT OUR TIME
MIGHT BE BETTER
SPENT OVER AT THE
ASSESSOR'S OFFICE.
IF WE CAN GET A
DETAILED MAP THAT
WILL SHOW US
EVERY WAY IN AND
OUT OF THOSE
ALLEYWAYS--

--WE
CAN BEGIN
TO SET OUR
TRAP FOR
SPAWN.

WHAT
ABOUT
COG? HOW
DO WE KNOW
HE'S NOT IN
CAHOOTS
WITH
SPAWN?



WE
DON'T.
BUT IF WE'RE
CLEVER, MAYBE
WE NAB BOTH
OF THEM FOR
QUESTIONING.

YEAH,
OKAY.
JUST LET ME
CLEAN UP MY
LITTLE MESS
HERE.

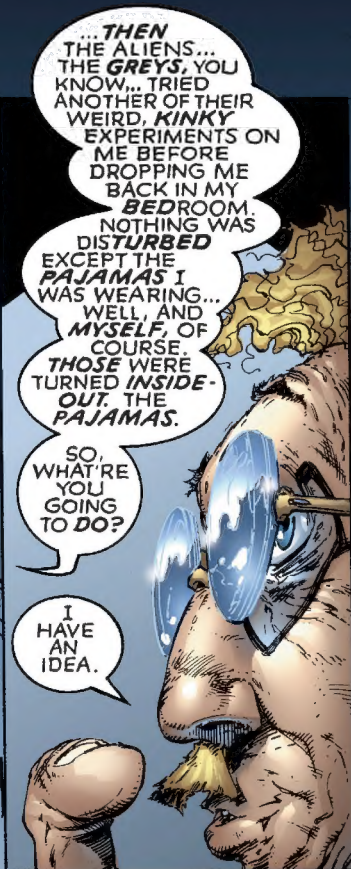
HEY! IS
THIS OUR
LAST ROLL
OF TOILET
PAPER?





SO IT BEGINS. ENTER THE BELLIGERENT CLIENT WITH A SHAM OF A CASE WHO'S LOOKING FOR NOTHING MORE THAN SOME ATTENTION. THOUGH THE TWO DETECTIVES HAVE THEIR OWN PROBLEMS, SHE IS SOMETHING THEY HAVE RARELY ENCOUNTERED:

A PAYING CUSTOMER.



... THEN THE ALIENS... THE GREYS, YOU KNOW... TRIED ANOTHER OF THEIR WEIRD, KINKY EXPERIMENTS ON ME BEFORE DROPPING ME BACK IN MY BEDROOM. NOTHING WAS DISTURBED EXCEPT THE PAJAMAS I WAS WEARING... WELL, AND MYSELF, OF COURSE. THOSE WERE TURNED INSIDE-OUT. THE PAJAMAS.

SO, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO?

I HAVE AN IDEA.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

HEY CHUBBY!

NOK
NOK

C'MON OUT! YOUR PAL SAID YOU WANTED TO HANDLE THIS WHILE HE STEPPED OUT. SAID YOU HAD ALL NIGHT FOR ME.

sigh
WHAT AM I DOING WITH MY LIFE--?

I THINK TWITCH IS A DEAD MAN.

WINTER'S BITING COLD IS JUST A FEW WEEKS AWAY. THE RAINFALL, THOUGH SUBSIDED, HAS SATURATED THE NIGHT AIR.

THOSE WHO HUDDLE FOR REFUGE AND WARMTH 'GAINST THESE TIME-RAVAGED WALLS FIND IMAGINATIVE WAYS TO PASS ANOTHER PUNISHING EVENING.

JEEZ!

BOOTS, LOOKIT THAT. I THINK HE'S GOING TO BREAK YOUR RECORD.

UNBELIEVABLE! I HAVEN'T SEEN SOMETHING LIKE THAT SINCE 'ONE-ARM' JANNEY BACK IN '78.

HE GESTURES FOR A MOMENT OF SILENCE. THE PERFORMANCE IS ABOUT TO ENTER ITS CLIMAX.

THIPK

THANK YOU. THANK YOU. JUST MAKE SURE YOU SPREAD THE WORD... I'LL TAKE ON ALL CHALLENGERS FOR A PACK OF CIGARETTES.



BIG DEAL.
IT DON'T
CHANGE
THE FACT
YOU'RE STILL
A PRICK.

WHY
DON'T YOU GIVE
IT A REST, JOHNNY.
HE'S SORRY HE CAN'T
BE A **PERFECT** SLOB
LIKE YOU.

YOU'LL SHUT
YOUR MOUTH IF
YOU KNOW WHAT'S
GOOD FOR YOU,
BOBBY.

I DON'T
TAKE MUCH
COMFORT IN
KNOWING I'VE
GOT TO ENDURE
ANOTHER FOUR
MONTHS OF
FREEZING.



SEE, THE
DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN YOU AND
ME IS YOU'VE
ACCEPTED THIS LIFE--
RUNNING AROUND
SCRAPING FOR EVERY
CRUMB. WELL, UNLIKE
YOU, I EXPECT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE.

YOU GUYS
TREAT THIS
LIKE A **LIFE**
SENTENCE.

WE'RE ALL
HERE FOR A
PURPOSE, JOHN.
INCLUDING YOU.
SO GET OFF YOUR
HIGH HORSE.

FINE, BUT
IT DON'T MEAN
WE SHOULD
SCURRY AROUND,
LIKE RATS AFRAID
OF EVERY SHADOW,
BECAUSE YOUR
PAL SPAWN KEEPS
BRINGING IN
UNWANTED
VISITORS.





HERE, GUYS. LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT GIVES ME HOPE.

WHAT IS IT?

THE ONLY THING I'VE GOT LEFT FROM MY PAST. MY LITTLE GIRL GAVE IT TO ME ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO. IT'S THE LAST TIME I TALKED TO MY LITTLE SUZIE.

JEEZ, SHE'S GOTTA BE ALMOST 35 YEARS OLD NOW.

WHEN HER MOM DIED FROM CANCER WE BOTH FELL APART. I WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH FOR HER -- I STARTED DRINKING. SUZIE GOT INTO DRUGS. BUT THEN SHE **BROKE** HER DRUG DEPENDENCY, FOUND A WAY TO CARRY ON.

WHEN SHE TRACKED ME DOWN I WAS ALREADY ON THE STREETS. HAD LOST EVERYTHING TO MY ALCOHOLISM. SHE TOLD ME, "THIS IS A REMINDER OF WHAT'S WAITING IF YOU WANT IT."

SO SHE TOOK THE TIME TO FIND YOU IN THE ALLEYS SO SHE COULD TELL YOU SHE'D BE THERE IF YOU GOT YOUR LIFE TOGETHER.

IT WAS MORE THAN THAT.

I BET SHE WAS A **BELIEVER**, WASN'T SHE. WELL, YOU CAN WASTE THIS TIME ON EARTH BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO SEE HER... **AND** YOUR WIFE... IN HEAVEN. FOREVER.

YOU MUST BECOME BORN AGAIN. IT'S YOUR ONLY HOPE. ACCEPT JESUS INTO YOUR HEART.



YEAH.

SO WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO SAY, THAT THOSE WHO DON'T THINK LIKE YOU AIN'T MAKIN' IT TO THE PEARLY GATES?

MAYBE I SHOULD DO MORE CRACK AND ACID, THEN I'D BE **JUST LIKE** YOU. MAYBE THEN YOUR GOD WOULD LIKE ME BETTER.

IT'S NOT OUR **DEEDS** THAT GET US INTO THE LORD'S KINGDOM, BUT WHETHER YOU EMBRACE JESUS CHRIST AS YOUR SAVIOR.

WHAT A LOAD OF **CRAP!**

AND WHY IS THAT?

YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, SPOOK.


I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!

FINE.

YOU KNOW WHAT MAKES ME PUKE ABOUT RELIGION? IT'S THE SEPARATION. IF YOU AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH, OR YOU DON'T FOLLOW A CERTAIN SET OF RULES, THEN... **BOOM!** YOU'RE DONE. BANISHED INTO AN ETERNAL HELL...

... ONE CONSIDERED TO BE THE WORST POSSIBLE FATE A HUMAN COULD HAVE IMPOSED ON HIM. OR AT LEAST THE MOST HORRIBLE THINGS THEM DAMNED PROPHETS COULD THINK OF.

SEE, I THINK PEOPLE WHO PRAY TO UNSEEN FORCES ARE **STUPID**. THAT'S IT. JUST PLAIN OLD IGNORANT. BUT BELIEVERS, THEY GO **WAY** BEYOND THAT. THEY ACCEPT THAT THEIR GOD WILL TORTURE AND PUNISH A SOUL IN WAYS TO HORRIBLE TO IMAGINE.




IT'D BE
LIKE ME THINKING
OF THE WORST THING
I COULD COME UP WITH.
LIKE, SAY, SOMEONE'S
GRANDMA GETTING
SCREWED BY AN ELEPHANT
WHILE HAVING POKERS
SHOVED IN HER EYES. BUT
I WOULDN'T DO THAT.
AND I AIN'T A FRACTION
AS LOVING AS
THEIR SUPPOSED
GOD.

OK, AND THE
LAST TIME I CHECKED,
GOD'S THE ONE WHO
DISCRIMINATES. IF YA DON'T
BEND A KNEE THEN IT'S OFF TO
SATAN YA GO. *BUT*, I'VE YET TO
HEAR THE *DEVIL* REJECT ANY-
ONE. NEVER HEARD HIM SAY, "I'M
SORRY, SIR, BUT IT APPEARS
YOU'RE TOO GOOD FOR US."
NOPE! HIS DOOR IS OPEN TO ANY-
ONE. ANYTIME. HE DOESN'T
CARE WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE.
EVERYONE IS ACCEPTED.
SEEMS LIKE IT'S THE DEVIL
WHO MIGHT BE A LITTLE
MORE GENEROUS
WITH HIS
JUDGEMENT.

SO NOW
WHAT DO
YOU THINK,
SPAWN?


AL STANDS
FOR A MOMENT,
STRUGGLING TO
DECIDE IF HE
SHOULD JOIN
THIS ENDLESS
DEBATE.



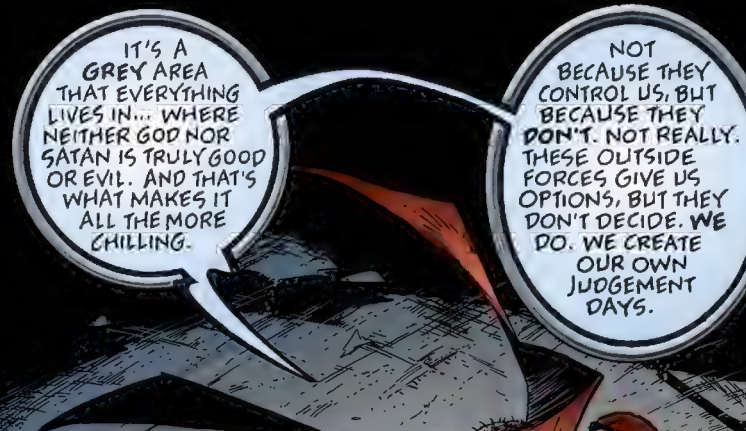
THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I BELIEVED, JUST LIKE YOU DID, THAT LIFE IS JUST ABOUT TODAY. BUT THAT CHANGED WHEN THEY TURNED ME INTO WHAT I AM NOW.

I GUARANTEE YOU, THERE IS GOOD AND EVIL, AND EACH TAKES MANY FORMS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THEY RESEMBLE ANYTHING THE BIBLE TEACHES US.

SO IN A WAY, YOU'RE BOTH WRONG.




THE ANSWER, AS FAR AS I CAN TELL, LIES SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE BLACK AND WHITE STEREOTYPES WE'VE BEEN TAUGHT ABOUT HEAVEN AND HELL.



IT'S A GREY AREA THAT EVERYTHING LIVES IN... WHERE NEITHER GOD NOR SATAN IS TRULY GOOD OR EVIL. AND THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT ALL THE MORE CHILLING.

NOT BECAUSE THEY CONTROL US, BUT BECAUSE THEY DON'T. NOT REALLY. THESE OUTSIDE FORCES GIVE US OPTIONS, BUT THEY DON'T DECIDE. WE DO. WE CREATE OUR OWN JUDGEMENT DAYS.



LOOK, I DON'T PROFESS TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE OR WHERE YOU CAME FROM, BUT YOU AREN'T RIGHT IN THE HEAD.



NONE
OF YOU
ARE!

SO CLING
TO YOUR USELESS
DELUSIONS OF WHY
WE'RE ALL STUCK IN
THIS CESSPOOL. KEEP
TELLING YOURSELVES
THERE'S SOME
DEEPER MEANING.
I LIKE TO DEAL
WITH **REALITY**.

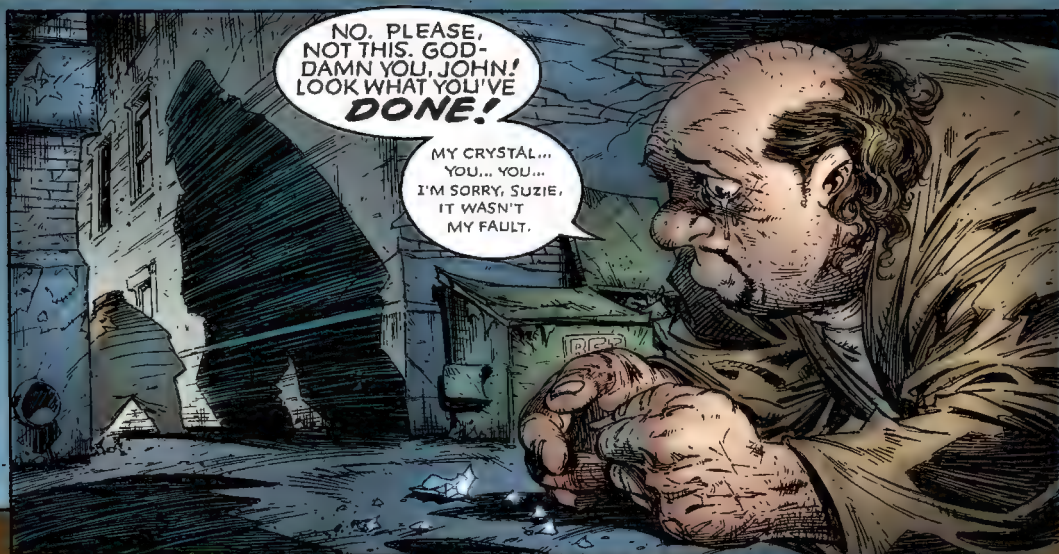
SLAP

GET
OUTTA
MY WAY,
BOBBY...

...YOU'RE
TAKING UP
SPACE.



KISSH



NO. PLEASE,
NOT THIS. GOD-
DAMN YOU, JOHN!
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE
DONE!

MY CRYSTAL...
YOU... YOU...
I'M SORRY, SUZIE,
IT WASN'T
MY FAULT.

LIKE A CHILD WHO'S SEEN
HIS FAVORITE TOY BREAK
RIGHT BEFORE HIS EYES,
BOBBY WEEPS... BUT IN
NEAR SILENCE, TO HIDE HIS
DEEP LOSS FROM THE OTHERS.

SPAWN STARES AT THIS MAN WHOSE
LIFE ITSELF IS SHATTERED AS HE
TRIES DESPERATELY TO GATHER
THE BROKEN PIECES OF
PRECIOUS GLASS.

YOU
GOING
TO BE
OKAY,
BOBBY?

ALWAYS
AM.

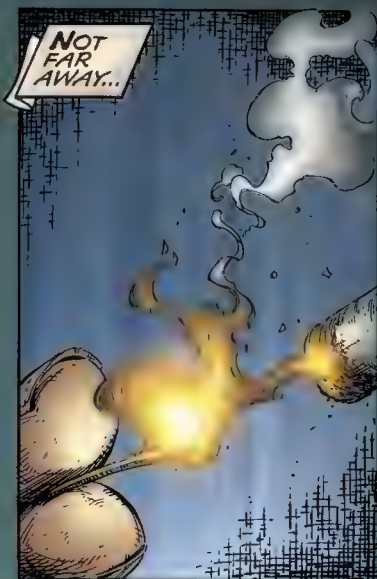
THAT'S THE
GOOD THING
ABOUT WHERE
WE'RE AT. IT'S
TOUGH TO GO ANY
LOWER 'CAUSE AS
FAR AS THE WORLD'S
CONCERNED WE'RE
ALREADY AT THE
BOTTOM.

WHO
CARES
WHAT I
FEEL.

BUT YOU WON'T.
KNOW WHY? 'CAUSE
YOU'RE LIKE ME THAT
WAY. YOU'RE AFRAID. AND
YOU'RE HOLDING OUT FOR
THE ONE FAINT HOPE WE
ALL HAVE... THAT A
MIRACLE WILL
HAPPEN...

**WILL YOU
LISTEN TO YOUR-
SELF?!** WHAT'CHA
GOING TO DO NOW? SIT
THERE FEELING SORRY
FOR YOURSELF? WELL,
WHY DON'T YOU JUST
END YOUR MISERY. **KILL
YOURSELF.** THEN YOU
WON'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT BEING A
LOSER NO
MORE.

...TURNING
US BACK
INTO REAL
PEOPLE
AGAIN.



NOT
FAR
AWAY...



HOPE
YOU BOYS
ARE READY
FOR A LITTLE
ACTION TONIGHT,
'CAUSE I'M IN
A PISSY
MOOD.



GOOD.

I HEAR
GINO AND
HIS BOYS ARE
SWEEPING THE
1400 BLOCK
TONIGHT FOR THEIR
PROTECTION
MONEY.



WHICH
MEANS THE RED
LIGHT DISTRICT
IS FLOATING WITH
NOTHING BUT
AMATEURS.

SOUNDS
LIKE AN
INVITATION.

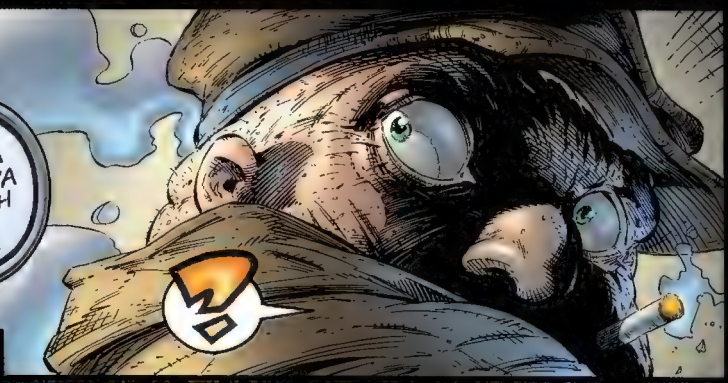
EXACTLY.



WE KNOCK
OVER THE PAWN
SHOP AFTER CLOSING,
THEN SERVE UP ONE
OF OUR RELIGIOUS
BRETHREN AS A
SCAPEGOAT A
COUPLE DAYS LATER.
THE POOR SAP WILL BE
WEARING CEMENT
BOOTS BEFORE THE
WOPS GET WIND
OF THIS.

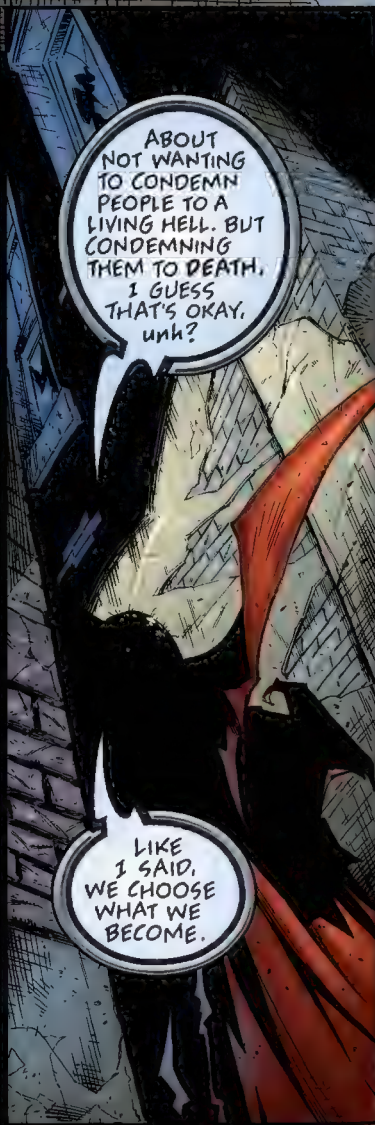
72 HOURS OF
PARTIAL BLISS
IN RETURN FOR
A NAMELESS
STRANGER'S
LIFE.

SACRIFICING THEIR OWN.
IT'S A QUICK, CLEAN
SCAM-- A HOMELESS
INNOCENT BEING
PUNISHED FOR SINS
COMMITTED BY OTHER
DERELICTS. ALL FOR
HEISTED MONEY THAT
WILL LAST THEM BARELY
THREE DAYS.



NOW I
SEE WHY YOU
DON'T WANT TO
ANSWER TO A
HIGHER POWER. IT
JUST MAKES IT EASIER
FOR YOU TO MAKE UP
YOUR OWN RULES.
IS THAT IT,
JOHNNY?

YOU
GAVE A
HELLUVA
SPEECH
BACK
THERE.



ABOUT
NOT WANTING
TO CONDEMN
PEOPLE TO A
LIVING HELL. BUT
CONDEMNING
THEM TO DEATH.
I GUESS
THAT'S OKAY.
unh?

LIKE
I SAID,
WE CHOOSE
WHAT WE
BECOME.




IS THAT
RIGHT. SO
TELL ME,
WHY'D YOU
PICK BEING
SOME FRIGGIN'
FAGGOT
COSTUME?

THAT
SUPPOSED
TO MAKE YOU
BETTER
THAN US?

MAYBE
YOU'VE TRICKED
SOME OF THOSE
FOOLS, BUT THERE'S
A FAR GREATER
SPLIT BETWEEN THOSE
WHO WANT YOU HERE
AND THOSE WHO
DON'T THAN YOU
CAN POSSIBLY
IMAGINE.

THAT'S
NOT MY
PROBLEM.




SEE, TOUGH GUY, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, THEY EXPECT MY HELP. SOME EVEN BELIEVE I'M SOME KIND OF GUARDIAN ANGEL. WELL, MY OWN LIFE MAY BE COMPLETELY SCREWED UP BUT I'M NOT WILLING TO ABANDON THOSE I'VE BEEN FORCED TO LIVE WITH.

WHY ARE YOU SO EAGER TO BETRAY THEM?



BECAUSE I LOOK OUT FOR NUMBER ONE! I DIDN'T CREATE ALIENATION. IT'S BEEN AROUND FOREVER, SINCE RELIGION STARTED IT. WHY SHOULD I FIGHT IT?

YOU HYPOCRITICAL COWARD. I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELF.



WELL, I'M NOT GOING ANYPLACE AND NEITHER ARE THEY. SO, IF YOU CAN'T ABIDE BY OUR RULES THEN MAYBE IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON.

NOT BLOODY LIKELY.



I LIVED
HERE LONG
BEFORE YOU
SHOWED UP, HERO.
THIS IS MY TURF--
ME ALONG WITH MY
FRIENDS. BUT SINCE
YOU CAME BY WE'VE
BEEN HIDING 'CAUSE
OF ALL THE
ATTENTION YOU'VE
BROUGHT ON
THE PLACE.

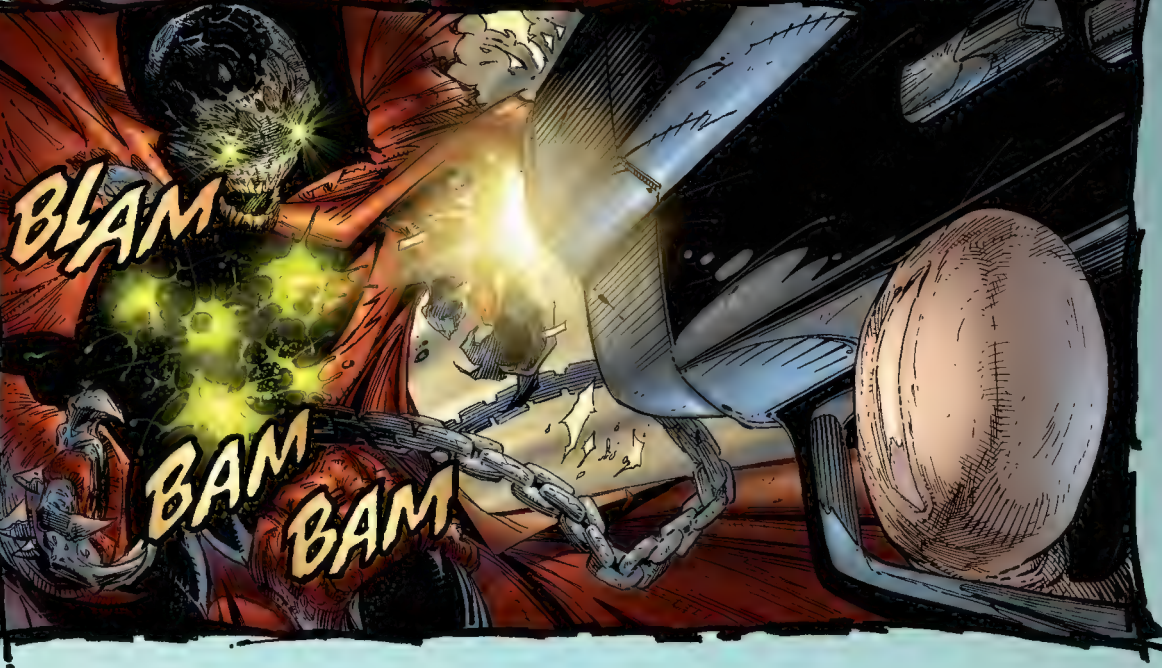
COPS.
THE MAFIA.
SWAT TEAMS.
SUPER FREAKS.
THEY BEEN
NOSING AROUND
WHERE THEY
AIN'T
SUPPOSED
TO.



THEY
FORCED US TO
HIDE IN THE
SHADOWS LIKE A
BUNCH OF
WHIPPED
DOGS.

BECAUSE
OF YOU!

WELL,
NO
MORE.





CHRIST!
WHAT
KINDA
FRIGGIN'
MUTATION
BLEEDS
GREEN?!

WE
ALWAYS
KNEW YOU WERE
SOME KINDA
ABORTION. LIKE
A VAMPIRE OR
SOME-
THING.

YOU'RE
A DEAD
MAN,
JOHNNY.



AS SPAWN HISSES HIS
THREAT HE CAN'T STOP
WONDERING WHY HIS
COSTUME ISN'T
DEFENDING HIM
AGAINST THIS ASSAULT.

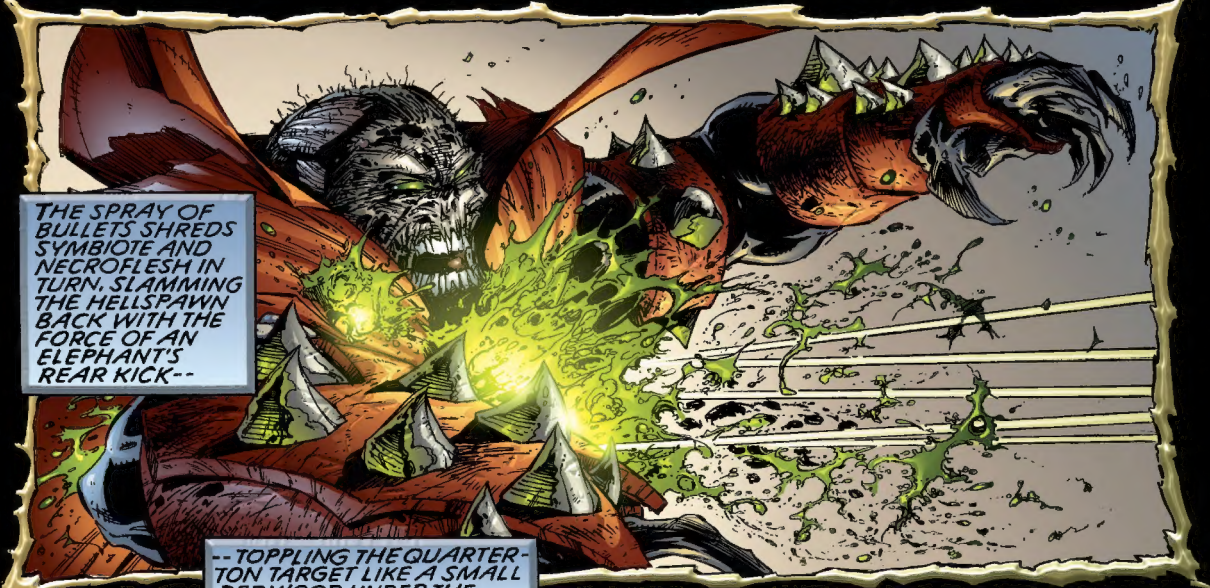


YOU'VE GOT
THAT BACKWARDS,
PUNKASS. RIGHT,
BOYS?




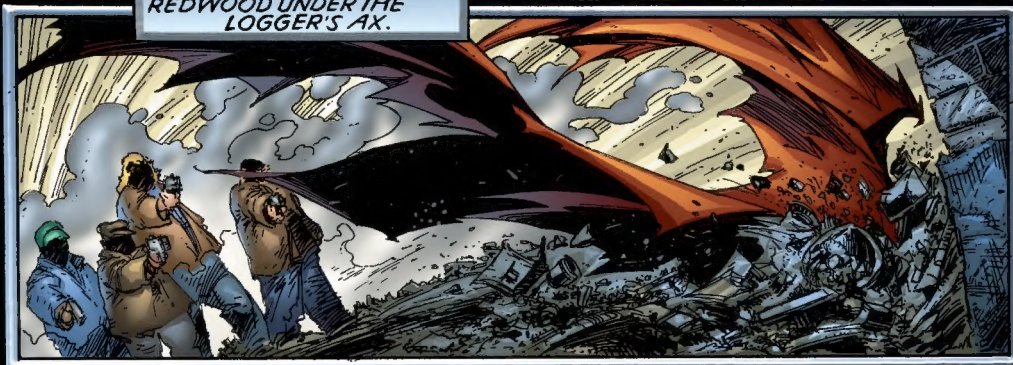
BAM BAM

**BAM
BAM BAM**



THE SPRAY OF
BULLETS SHREDS
SYMBIOTE AND
NECROFLESH IN
TURN, SLAMMING
THE HELLSPAWN
BACK WITH THE
FORCE OF AN
ELEPHANT'S
REAR KICK--

-- TOPPLING THE QUARTER-
TON TARGET LIKE A SMALL
REDWOOD UNDER THE
LOGGER'S AX.



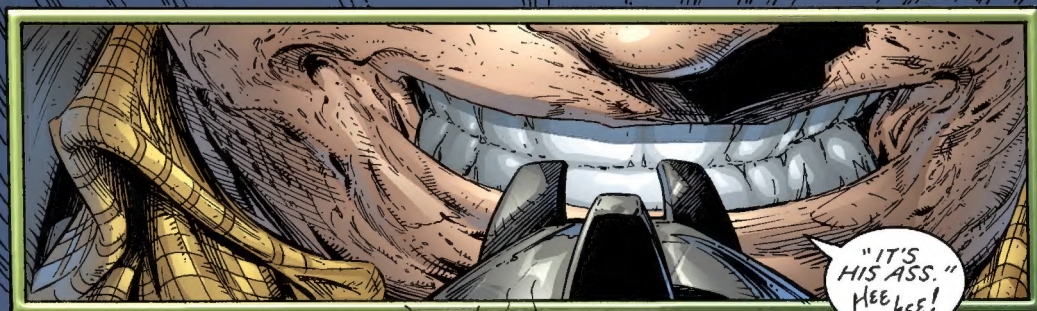
THROUGH PUNCTURED
LARYNX THE DOWNED
CREATURE GASPS FOR AIR,
CONVULSING WITH EACH
DESPERATE BREATH--

-- STILL BARELY
COMPREHENDING
THAT HIS OUTER
SHELL, HIS SELF-
AWARE SOURCE OF
PROTECTION, HAS
SOMEHOW BEEN
'SHUT DOWN'.



HOW'S IT
FEEL TO BE ON
THE RECEIVING
END FOR A
CHANGE?

SUCKS,
DON'T
IT?



TIME TO
SAY YOUR
PRAYERS.
GOODNIGHT,
SPOOK.

BLAM





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE